



Erin's Lost Hopes.

Air—*Erin go Bragh.*

O Erin my country, the fairest of nations,
All hopes from my bosom, alas! they have fled
Tho' long I have waited in vain expectations,
Again in despair must I now droop my head
The sword now lief sheathed that could have re-
deemed you,
And the brave, too, are silent, who left me in hope,
Ah! yon see in the face cruel fortune still meets
you,
And quite was forgotten both pitch-cap and rope.

I heard a fierce battle where traitors have perished
Balaclava, the Alma, and sweet Inkerman,
I'm sorry by Granu those bulldogs were cherished,
But the Russians have paid them before the Redan
There was not one for Erin my beautiful bower,
That saintly-blessed island, the noblest of all,
Alexander, in triumph may you spend happy hours
No wonder if you had demolished them all.

Yes! once we had soldiers who fell in past ages,
And shed the last drop upon Ossory's plains,
Their heroic valor in history's black pages
Till time is no more—and will ever remain.
Long life to the bear, for he fought but most clever
The French and the madmen of Erin-go-bragh,
And now it is known they all done their endeavour
But could not defeat him, the brave Russian Czar.

You fought with the brave, that did you no harm,
To the battlefield with your bulldogs you run,
After all your fine cannon, your steel and your
armour,

Here! tell me, ye hypocrites—tell what you won.
Lie down—never say that you were victorious,
Whilst free every Russian from bribery stood,
Which gives you a victory (?) excellent and glorious
A yile there of nothing but bricks, stones and blood

Tho' your Priests were abused, and your Nuns,
too, insulted,

After all you attended the trumpet of war;
Next, your hoary-haired Bishops were sorely
affronted,

And passed was against them a vile penal law.
Now go, cowards—go seek your sisters and
brothers,

Who perished beneath the Emigrant ship,
Remember your fathers and age-worn mothers,
Who were forced for to fly by the landlord's base
trick.

